

THE GIANT CAUCASUS

A REGION OF GLOOM AND TERROR
AND DESOLATION.The Strange Mixture of Races Daring
Back From Immemorable Antiquity
That Peoples the Slopes of These
Snow Capped Mountains.

The traveler who should seek to cross from the southern plains of Russia over into Persia or Arabia by the land between the Caspian and the Black seas would find himself confronted by a sight which for gloom and terror has hardly any equal in the world, writes W. B. Hodgson in the London News. Rising sheer from the vast plain, like a great foam created billow about to break on a desolate beach, pillow 10,000 feet high and 800 miles long, the snow capped Caucasus stretches across from sea to sea with a dreadful, threatening, savage majesty of mien.

Its peaks are not so high as many of the Alps, it has not the projecting spurs and isolated, craggy heights whose groupings give new and beautiful views at every step. It is just an immense mountain chain, an unbroken fold or crease on the earth's surface. Though the Alps have higher peaks the lowest pass across the Caucasus is nearly double the height of the Alpine crossing places. The Caucasus has no lakes, only turbid, muddy rivers flowing from the ice fields of its central ridge. Even these are missing in the east, where the ridge lowers toward the Caspian.

But the terror and desolation of the Caucasus forever kept apart the people to the north and south. On the one hand civilizations rose and fell—the Babylonian, the Assyrian, the Greek, the Egyptian, the Roman, the republics of the middle ages—but to the north the great plains were ever inhabited by the wild, lawless nomads. And so from the very beginnings of time the Caucasus has stayed the human tide, and, as conquering races swept all before them below, the weak, the peaceable, the unfit, have been driven higher and higher into inaccessible gorges and wild, bog covered valleys.

A strange mixture of races, dating back from immemorable antiquity, has been washed up like surf on to the slopes of these giant mountains. The Udi, the Kurin, the Avar, the Tush, belong to races that perished before Europe was discovered. Seven languages are spoken in the Caucasus, each unintelligible to the tribes using the rest. Some of them are related to the early tongues of Europe; others have no known affinities and seem to be among the languages of Babel that did not "catch on."

Here amid these mountains we have the ghosts of ancient peoples who have gone under in the world struggle. There may well be tribesmen here whose ancestor was driven high by the flood and settled within sight of Ararat and his cousin, Noah. There are still tribes who array themselves in helmets and chain armor and carry spears like those of 3,000 years ago. Others have strange ritual practices that have come down from the dawn of the world, mingling their pagan rites with worship of the "Christ God" and the angels of the river, the forest and the mountain. They have blood feuds which go on for generations, like those of Corsica in the past.

It is a mistake to suppose that Russia took the Caucasus by a general warlike movement. There was no need. Divided by religion into Christians, Mohammedans and pagans, divided by languages which made them mutually unintelligible, the tribes of this strange museum of bygone races could take no united action.

Throughout the first three-quarters of the nineteenth century Russia was employed in absorbing the Caucasus piece by piece. Only two of the Caucasian races made anything like strong resistance. In the east a Mohammedan prophet, Shamyl of the Avar stock, which overran a great part of Europe in the seventh century and was only finally conquered by Charlemagne, led the Lezghins of Daghestan in a religious war against Russia. Crafty, daring and fertile in resource, occupying mountain slopes cut by impossible gorges, Shamyl was believed by his followers to have a charmed life. Only when the Russians built fort and military roads and gradually enclosed him at enormous expense did Shamyl surrender at his castle of Gumb in 1859. He passed some years of honorable captivity near Moscow and was then allowed, as a devout Mohammedan, to end his days in peace at Mecca.

Very different was the story of the Tcherkesses, or Circassians, who opposed Russia in the western section of the Caucasus. The Circassians were hardly the peaceable race of whose golden haired captive princesses in the harems of the east our boyish dreams were full. Warlike, splendid horsemen and marksmen, they lived almost entirely by pillage. In 1864 they submitted, and Russia, knowing them to be unmanageable in the mountains, gave them the choice of coming down into the plains or emigrating into Turkish territory. They chose the latter course and were welcomed by the sultan, but as his ships arrived at the Black Sea ports to meet them long after the proper time large numbers perished of hardship and disease. Some were settled in Armenia, others in Bulgaria, others in various parts of Asia Minor, and wherever they went there has been trouble since.

Two sides to it.

Keefer—It costs so much more to live now than it used to. Noteek—I ought to. It's worth more to live now than it used to be—Chicago Tribune.

The use of envelopes was scarcely known until after pony post was introduced.

TRAFAVGAR.

The Story of Action of This Great Naval Battle.

The world will see other sea fights, but never one like this, so close, so swift and with so much in it of the personal element. And what may be said of the pace of the battle, the swiftness with which incident follows incident. It is almost without a parallel in the history of war. The first gun was fired at 12:15; at 12:22, or only seven minutes after the French guns opened on him, Collingwood, with the British ships nearest to him was through the enemy's line.

Only one brief minute later, or at 12:23 by the log of the Euryalus, Nelson in the fight, and is pouring his first dreadful broadside into the stern of Villeneuve's flagship. Two minutes later the French and Spanish topmasts begin to fall. At 12:24, or sixty-seven minutes after the first gun was fired, Blackwood reports "the center and rear of enemy's line to be hard pressed in action." The fate of the battle is practically settled. Already some of the enemy's ships have struck. The swift moments run on, and the pulses of the great fight keep time with them. The advantage is not all on one side.

At 2:33, for example, or less than two hours from the moment when a shape of majestic pride, the Royal Sovereign moved into the zone of the enemy's fire, she lies a massless and helpless hull. She has done her work, but she has paid a terrible price for it. There is at this moment a flutter of flags on the masthead of the Victory, for Nelson has a great captain's watchful vision, and a frigate—it is the Euryalus—comes down with every inch of canvas set, groping her way through the smoke, to take the battered hull of the Royal Sovereign in tow, so that her broadsides—the mighty ship can still fight, though she cannot sail—bear upon the enemy's ships within her reach.

This is not a battle spread through days. It is compressed almost into minutes. The first shot was fired at 12:15; before 3 o'clock flag after flag is going down; a great fleet is crumbling into ruin. By 6:30 o'clock all is over—Cornhill Magazine.

FINGERS AND FORKS.

Never use a fork when taking a piece of bread.

Avoid using a spoon for anything that is not liquid.

Pastry should be eaten with a fork; also for cream where the proper forks are served.

It is permissible to eat celery, corn, asparagus, water cress and undressed salad with the fingers.

Olivs should be lifted from the dish with the olive fork or spoon, but should be eaten from the fingers.

Lemon is often served with fish and pate. The lemon should be taken in the fingers and squeezed upon the hands.

If cut sugar is served and there are no sugar tongs in the bowl, lift the pieces out as delicately as possible with the tips of the fingers.—New York Press.

Composite Pronoun Wanted.

The want of a composite pronoun to express both "he" and "she," and what is sometimes more important, to express neither he nor she, must have embarrassed every one at some time or another. There are ungrammatical ways of shelving the difficulty, such as, for instance, by translating the convenient French "on" as "they," when we really mean one person who may be either masculine or feminine. The lack of a portmanteau word to express both sexes without specifying either did, however, trouble the new maid approached her mistress with the ingenious remark, "Please, a friend of mine has called—and may I ask it to tea?"—London Chronicle.

A Point in Punctuation.

For a century past, probably longer, the rule of the best printers and publishers has been, "Three words in the same construction are separated by commas." Two examples will illustrate the rule:

"John James and Thomas have come."

As so punctuated the first name is vocative, the second and third nominative. Two persons have come.

"John, James, and Thomas have come."

And now the three names are all nominatives. Three persons have come.

The two meanings can be indicated otherwise only by a footnote.—New York Times.

A Stubborn Opening.

The head of the household was going through her husband's pockets the next morning.

"What kept you out so late last night?" she suddenly demanded.

"It was the opening of the campaign, my dear," the lesser half replied.

"Well, it didn't take three corkscrews to open it, did it?"

And she drew the offending articles from his side pocket and waved them before him.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Name Old Story.

"Does he pay his alimony promptly?"

"No; he has to be urged and threatened every payday, but then, of course, I got used to that when we were living together."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

TRY IT.

"Don't you smell fire?"

"No, I don't think I do."

"I don't either, but most people do if you ask them."

Proctor's Theatre.

The Star of Bethlehem.

BY ERIC RICHARDSON BOYD.

At midnight an east Bethlehem's plain. A band of shepherds lay. Wrapped in their cloaks of sheepskins warm, They gazed on the star of Bethlehem. When suddenly a light shone forth. The glory of the Lord— And in its midst a form appeared, The angel of the Lord. The shepherds rose up in amazement. All trembling they with fear; The angel motioned with his hand That they should not be afraid. "Fear not," he said, "I bring to you Glad tidings of great joy— Saviour born to all mankind." He wrapped up in His swaddling clothes Lies in a manger near— He is the Son of God, the Lord, The King of kings, the Son of man. And when he ceased, out on the night Came forth the heavenly throng, Peace upon earth, good will towards men." Glory to God on highest he." Hark out the heavenly strain; "Peace upon earth, good will towards men." Was said their joyful strain.

"The Star of Bethlehem," the angel said, "Beneath the sky so bright; In David's city you will find The King of kings, the Son of man."

Then hastily they left their flock, And unto Bethlehem came, To find the Babe beneath the star, And to adore Him in the manger.

They spread the joyful news abroad Of Christ our Saviour, Lord;

To their lowly flocks returned They sang the joyful strain.

That Eastern Star to all mankind Proclaims the gladsome news, That peace on earth, salvation too, Is free to all who choose.

Eric in Trolley Business.

Plans are announced by which the directors of the Erie Railroad propose to construct an electric line from Birmingham to Cortland, N. Y., a distance of seventy-six miles. This will parallel the present line of the Erie between those two points, and is intended to care for local passenger traffic. In large cities the trolley service will make a detour around the existing system. Surveys have already been made.

Established 1854.

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OF THE

BLOOMFIELD Building and Loan Association

WILL BE HELD ON

Monday, January 8, '06,

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK P.M.

At No. 27 BROAD STREET,

For the purpose of receiving the report of the Secretary and Auditing Committee; the election of three Directors for three years, and one Shareholder (not director) as member of the Auditing Committee for three years; for the payment of dues, interest, fines, and the transaction of any other business that may properly come before the meeting.

ROLLS OPEN FROM 8 TO 9 O'CLOCK.

New Series of Stock, the 27th, will be opened.

By order of the Board of Directors,

J. BANKS REFFORD, Secretary.

BLOOMFIELD, December 15, 1905.

Good Morning!

Out shopping so early this morning?

Yes—know it is good to get my shopping early and get home before the rush.

Say—was just up to Fronapfel's. They have just

line of Earthenware was

12 cents a piece, and one would be surprised to find what they can give you for the money. Their Skate line is also very surprising! To see the Pocket Knives and Table Cutlers

offering in their window!

It Would Pay You to Give Them a Call and Look Around.

They are pleased to show you anything. Well, good-bye—

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Men's Hanan & Son shoes, actual values \$5.00 to 10.00 a pair. **2.75** Sale started promptly at 9 o'clock. Shoes and hats anne

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